

Yet we live in a world that is discovering our angels  
Yet we live in a world that is discovering our candlelights  
Yet we live in a world that is discovering our dreams  
Yet we live in a world that is discovering our fantasies  
Yet we live in a world that is discovering our touchstones  
Yet we live in a world that is discovering paradise

— Alfred Starr Hamilton

Montclair NJ

\*

the thing to do is like Norman Vincent Peale said  
the power of positiv thinking  
think about that state of being  
hwer one doesn't throw beercans & cigarets into the void

hwer one sits chewing on air  
& doesn't desire any woman  
for to sit around desiring a woman hoo doesn't cum  
will drag anyman down.

ah, light & air  
every morning are unique  
will never be repeated & never be predicted

having made obeisance to air  
let us concentrate on the light  
one-of-a-kind like a woman.

\*

everytime i see her i start dissolving.  
i don't know hwy. she's only  
handsom beautiful intelligent emotional  
and reads Keats like an angel.

i don't think the Entirety  
would mind if i kist her.  
i don't think the Entirety  
would mind if i annointed her nipples with oliv oil.

i think this poem  
may be getting a littl out of control.  
it's suppost to hold the tears in,

not go bursting over the floor.  
the New River flows north the same as the Nile  
and Christianity contrary to current opinion went down  
the Nile.